PICTORIAL UNION.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS--1855-6.

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Reserve

CALIFORNIA, more than any other State of the Union, has illustrated that spirit of progress which has become a pre-eminently distinguishing feature of American character. A great majority of her public officers and leading citizens are young men. They are found in all the departments of Government, and in every walk of society, stimulating the sentiment of an enlarged liberty, and forcing events into the channel of an ultimate permanent and expansive empire. JOHN NEELY JOHNSON, Governor elect, and subject of this brief sketch, is a prominent type of the class of men who are brought forward to work out this high destiny. He was born on the 2d of August, 1825, in Gibson county, Indiana, and is therefore only in the 31st year of his age. His history affords an encouraging example to ambitious youth, and is worthy of being recounted. At twelve years of age he was fitted for college, whither his parents, in conformity with a cherished idea, designed to send him; but reverse of fortune prevented them from carrying out their plans. Keenly alive to the embarrassments entailed by this circumstance, young Johnson determined to be no longer a charge upon his family, and looked around for employment. His father in the meantime having removed his residence to Evansville, enabled Neely to procure a situation in the printing office of the *Journal*, where he performed all the multifarious duties of a "devil." He also obtained the clerkship of a retail store, and these joint occupations furnished him with sufficient means to support himself comfortably. His leisure hours were devoted to study, from which he derived great improvement. At the age of seventeen he entered the law office of Messrs. Battell & Ingel, and at nineteen had attained such proficiency in legal lore as to be qualified for the practice of the law; but as the statute of the State required a majority age for admission, he was deterred from making an application. While awaiting the period of legal manhood, he was engaged as superintendent of an extensive mercantile establishment in the vicinity, and presided over its affairs with such marked ability as to win the confidence and admiration of his employers. During this period he was not idle. His studies in law and literature were assiduously pursued. In this position he remained till 1847, when he was admitted to the bar. He next made a tour of several of the States of the Union, hunting a residence for the practice of his profession. Keokuk, in Iowa, presented flattering inducements, and he located there, and remained till 1849, when the gold excitement broke out in California. He caught the prevailing fever, and with an overland party, pushed off for the glorious El Dorado, where he arrived in August, 1849—to use his own language—"*flat broke.*" His good fortune led him to Sacramento, where he located. At that time the practice of the law did not promise to be remunerative, so he sought and obtained a situation as the driver of a mule team, at ten dollars per day. Shortly afterwards he embarked in a mining speculation at a point now known as "Cook's Bar," in Sacramento county. His physical strength, however, was not equal to his dreams of success in this department of industry, and, as the rainy season approached, and times improved in the city, he returned to Sacramento, and opened a law office on the 1st of October, in a canvas shanty. His business proved lucrative; he became a favorite with the people; received the nominations of several large popular assemblages, and after the organization of the municipal government in 1850, was chosen its first City Attorney—at that period of chaos and uncertainty a very important office. In July of the same year, he was appointed to the charge of a relief expedition—a part which he filled ably and gratuitously—rescuing from starvation and mitigating the sufferings of hundreds of immigrants who had been unfortunate on the Plains. His report to the Committee was printed, numerously circulated, and the disinterested conduct of the indefatigable agent of the people highly applauded.

J. NEELY JOHNSON.

In August of the same year, the subject of our sketch was appointed Census Agent, the duties of which office were also well performed, although under the most disadvantageous circumstances. In February, 1851, he was appointed with the rank of Colonel, by Gen. McDougall—a political opponent—to take command of certain troops raised to suppress Indian hostilities which had broken out in the county of Mariposa. His discretionary powers were almost unlimited in this responsible position; but he conducted the campaign to the entire satisfaction of the Governor and the people. His duties were rendered doubly arduous and responsible, from the fact that the United States Commissioners were about proceeding to the hostile territory with the view of forming a treaty of peace with the Indians. In 1851, Mr. Johnson was re-elected to the office of City Attorney, by a larger vote than any officer on the Whig ticket, of which party he had then become the nominee. On the 26th of June, succeeding, he was married to a daughter of Col. J. C. Zabriskie. Having formed a co-partnership with Col. Ferris Forman, he still continued the practice of the law. In 1852, he was chosen President of the Whig State Convention, which nominated candidates for Congress, and was himself generally spoken of as a candidate, which honor he declined. He consented, however, to the use of his name as a candidate for the Assembly, received the nomination of a Whig County Convention, and was returned to that position in November of the same year. His majority was about 400—a higher vote than was received by any other person on the ticket, the whole of which was elected. At the opening of the session he received the complimentary vote of his party for the Speakership. As the Democracy were largely in the majority, he did not succeed, of course. He was active and efficient as a member, and gained a popularity which went far towards elevating him to the Gubernatorial chair. He was a second time elected President of a Whig State Convention in 1854, which assembled to nominate candidates for Congress, and in August of the succeeding year, was nominated on the 4th ballot, by a State National Council of the American party assembled at Sacramento, for Governor. His rivals on the occasion were all prominent and talented gentlemen, including Gen. Baldwin, and James W. Coffroth, of Tuolumne; Major Wade, of San Francisco; Judge Ralston, of Sacramento, and Speaker Stow, of Santa Cruz. The story of his triumphant election on the 5th of September, is familiar to all.

It will thus be seen that Gov. Johnson, from his earliest boyhood, practised a manly honesty and sedulous industry in the various pursuits of life, which led him forward, step by step, to the attainment of public honors. His whole career, we repeat, has been marked by acts of noble emprise, such as the young men of California should be proud to imitate.

SACRAMENTO claims the honor of the first California Railroad. Its projectors had many difficulties to contend against; but neither their faith nor their energy flagged from the first moment that they resolved such a work *should* be constructed. In less than one year from the time ground was broken, they had the satisfaction of seeing more than twelve miles of the track completed and in running order.

On the 17th of August last, a trial trip was made on the opening of the road to Seventeenth street. The occasion was marked by a large gathering of people at the depot, who gazed upon the iron horse, harnessed for the first time, with mingled feelings of surprise and admiration. The train, consisting of three platform cars, was densely crowded, as was also the tender, with about two hundred persons, representatives of all classes of citizens, and started from the levee about half-past six o'clock, amidst the cheers of the excursionists. The transit was made smoothly and pleasantly to the manifest pleasure of the participants, who cheered occasionally as the train proceeded, especially when passing knots of outsiders who were sprinkled along the route as spectators. At this point, a stoppage having been made, Hon. M. S. Latham, and Joseph Nevitt, Esq., indulged in a few remarks appropriate to the event.

The road is now completed to Negro Bar—a distance of 23 miles. Work was first commenced in March, 1855, at which time none of the material for the road had arrived on the ground. The capital of the Company is $1,500,000; cost of work per mile, $45,000; estimated monthly income of forty miles, $50,000. There are at present three locomotives in running order, and one on the way out from New York; six passenger cars, two baggage cars, twenty-five box-freight cars, and twenty-five platform freight cars.

Officers of the Company: President, C. K. Garrison; Vice President, W. T. Sherman; Secretary, H. R. Payson; Treasurer, E. Jones; Chief Engineer, T. D. Judah; Superintendent, J. P. Robinson; Conductor, Geo Bromley.

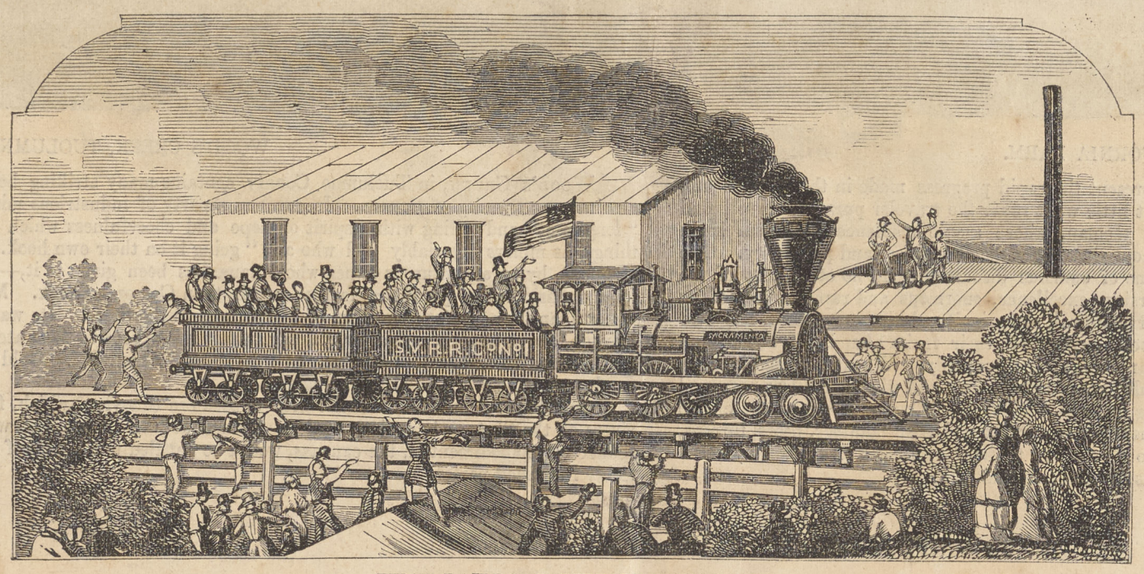
Board of Directors: C. K. Garrison, W. T. Sherman, Hon. James McDougall, L. Parsons, J. K. Rollinson, Theo. F. Moss, Mr. Goodwin, E. W. Burr, E. Flint, H. E. Robinson.

The Sacramento depot of the road is at the junction of the R street levee with the river, where suitable buildings are in process of erection for the complete accommodation of the cars, machinery, &c., connected with the line. No effort will be made to extend the work further than Negro Bar till the opening of spring. Here, also, suitable depot buildings are to be erected.

The track is laid with T rail, of a superior quality, five feet seven inches apart in its parallels. But very little excavating occurs, and that of a very light kind. The grading is also light. The intention of the road is to do all the carrying trade from Sacramento to the northern and central counties of the State, by which it is thought 150,000 persons will be supplied after its completion.

When Col. Wilson, the agent of the road, returned from New York in 1854, it was expected that it would be put immediately under contract; but unforeseen obstacles presented themselves. A railroad revulsion was experienced on the Atlantic side, which carried down nearly every new enterprise then in contemplation. It did not defeat this enterprise, but it did retard its progress for several months. So protracted was the delay, that many prophesied the thing was dead, and so confident were some that such was the fact, that they engaged in a new railroad undertaking over the same general line. However, the energy and perseverance of those who held the destinies of the Sacramento Valley Railroad in their hands, finally prevailed.

The work was commenced under the supervision of Mr. Judah, Chief Engineer, and under a heavy and favorable contract made by the Company with Messrs. Robinson, of New York. These gentlemen are known as among the heaviest railroad contractors in the Union. Much of what has been accomplished has been through their means and energy. Immediately after the work of the grading was fairly under way, the leading private banks in the State suspended, causing a revulsion which was seriously felt by the stockholders; from this they soon recovered to be met by the sudden death of the President of the Company, Captain Folsom.



FIRST RAILROAD RIDE IN CALIFORNIA.

With such an accumulation of difficulties to contend against, it is wonderful that the Company have been able to progress as steadily as they have done. The first great step has been successfully taken; and but comparatively a short time will elapse before our anticipations expressed three years since—that Sacramento would become the center of a system of railroads for this valley—will have been fully realized.

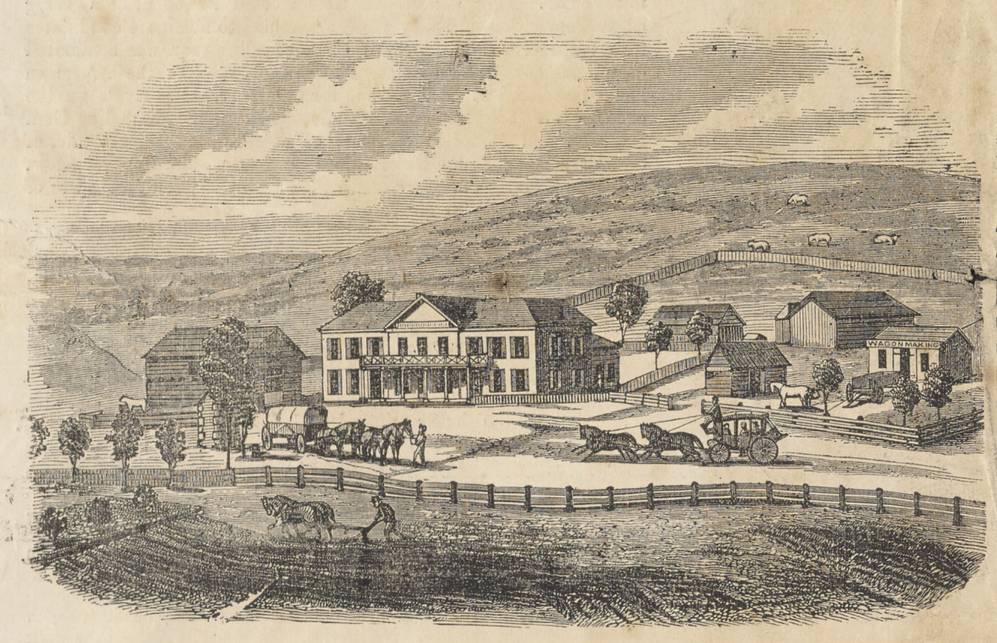
Sacramento being located at the real head of navigation on the river, her importance as a city and a distributing point for trade, must be greatly enhanced by the influence of this railroad. She must become the great depot for the immense amount of building materials of every kind, including lumber, granite, marble and lime, which will be needed for consumption in this valley, in San Francisco, and along the coast. The farmers will hereafter purchase in Sacramento the lumber needed for fencing their farms, for building their barns, stables and other out-houses, and for the erection of fine dwelling houses for themselves and families. The granite and marble for rendering our city structures durable and attractive, as well as to supply the demand in San Francisco, will be landed on the Levee by means of the railroad. Its influence in fact upon all departments of business cannot be over estimated, and we feel confident that the profits accruing to the builders of the road, will prove of a nature to induce the investment of untold millions of dollars in the great Sacramento valley, on works of a similar nature.

PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, SAN FRANCISCO.

CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE brick Theater which has been recently erected on J street, by Jas. F. Cook, of San Francisco, at an expense of $65,000, was opened on Monday evening, Oct. 8, under the management of King & Ryer, lessees. It is a creditable structure, reflecting equally the enterprise of the projector, the skill and taste of the architect and builder, A. P. Petit, and the proficiency of the artists and mechanics who have contributed so successfully to its erection. As a permanent and ornamental acquisition to the city, it is entitled to more than ordinary notice. The building has a front of 60 feet, a depth of 160 feet, and is 58 feet in height. The front, the architecture of which is varied and imposing, is in imitation of white Italian marble, and supported by ten well finished and substantial cast-iron columns, from the Sacramento Iron Works. The entablature, which is exceedingly chaste and classical, is supported by a cast-iron truss and surmounted by an eagle of proportionate dimensions. Conspicuous in the center of the front is a niche for the reception of a statue, which, we understand, will be placed there in a few days, and will add much to the aggregate effect. Immediately above the niche is a panel, enriched with mouldings. A portion of the building in front of the theater proper is of two stories, the first of which is divided into two stores, each 25x48 feet, a commodious entrance to the theater being between. The second story, which is 58x48 in area and 21 feet in hight in the clear, forms a single saloon, and is occupied for billiards and refreshments. The theater proper is admirably adapted to the purpose, the seats being so arranged that a complete view of the stage is had from all parts of the house. The green and dressing rooms are located in the basement, below the stage, the property rooms on the west side of the building, and two star dressing rooms on either side of the stage. The stage is 60 feet wide and 58 feet deep—the proscenium 38 feet from side to side. A creditable taste has been displayed in the design and enrichment of the proscenium, which is in white and gold, just sufficient of the latter for a pleasing illumination. The arch is supported by fluted columns, between which on either side and above the stage doors, is a niche, the one filled with a full length statue of Liberty, and the other of Minerva. The body of the house will accommodate, when crowded, between 1,500 and 1,600 persons. Allowing eighteen inches to each, the dress circle and parquette will seat 460, the second tier or family circle 402, and the gallery 176 persons. Four private boxes, two on either side of the stage, richly decorated and draped, will each seat six persons. There will also be ten arm chairs on either side of the orchestra. The seats in the dress circle, parquette and family circle are constructed with regard to the ease and comfort of the spectator, those in the two first being provided with spring cushions, and all with cushioned backs covered with damask. The subject of the drop curtain represents a scene on the Seine—a very pretty design depicted in rich colors. The front wall of the building is two feet in thickness the entire hight. The rear and side walls are of the thickness of two bricks to the hight of thirty feet. A brick foundation, five feet thick, receives the weight of the galleries, which rest upon cast iron columns. There are also two proscenium walls securely tied to the outside walls. Each tier is provided with a commodious lobby, which makes pleasant promenades between the acts. A portion of the third tier is fitted up as a saloon, and no part of it can be seen from the lower circles. The openings for ingress or egress open outwardly; and an admirable ventilation is secured from the roof and side openings. In the latter respect it is probably unequalled by any theater in the State. To protect the building from fire a fire-hydrant, with hose sufficient to reach any portion of the house, is located under the stage. Gas pipes have been fitted throughout the building, and speaking tubes have been extended to every desirable point. The stage appointments are full and complete. The different parts of the establishment were constructed and executed as follows:—Brick work, second story front, by Carr & Winans—the balance by Bowers & Lynch; drop curtain and scene painting, by Charles Rogers; interior painting, by Stephen H. Covert; mastic front, by John Ross; statuary, by Charles Ostner; woodwork, in front of stage, by Tuttle & O'Connell; stage work, by C. J. Cole & Son; proscenium arch and dome, by Bachelder & Carey; gas fitting, by Gilleroy & Co.

THE NEW THEATER ON J STREET, SACRAMENTO.



A CALIFORNIA FARM.

THE foregoing Illustration is designed to represent the rapid progress made in the erection and improvement of California farms. It matters but little what route the traveler pursues, he will find every arable valley occupied by the industrious yeoman, whose ample residence, capacious barn, numerous out-houses, and far-reaching fences, denote the very acme of comfort and prosperity. The generous nature of our soil has long been a theme of emulous discussion. In no other part of the known world has it been surpassed for the diversity, excellence, enormous and rapid growth of its productions. Nothing which the vegetable, or horticultural, or agricultural kingdoms boast, has ever surpassed it. Trees which are planted from the seed, bring forth their fruits abundantly at two and three years of age. Barley yields two crops a year—the latter voluntarily. Wheat is raised in great perfection. Cotton, tobacco, rice and corn are also plentifully grown, and with much less care and labor than are usually employed elsewhere to bring them to perfection. It were useless to waste time in speaking of our far-famed garden staples. Immense onions, sweet and Irish potatoes, beets, turnips, carrots, cabbages, *et id omne genus*, were long ago dispatched to distant portions of the world, where they have excited the surprise and envy of the less favored husbandman.

WOOD'S CREEK, TUOLUMNE COUNTY.

WOOD'S CREEK, in Tuolumne County, contains many striking beauties in its scenery. That before us was taken at a point near the city of Sonora. It exhibits a party of industrious miners in the foreground, diligently employed with the "long tom," and toiling with a spirit of hope and cheerfulness which are only known to those who are independent in all things, as miners invariably feel who are "going it on their own hook." Wood's Creek was discovered in the winter of 1848–49, by an adventurous miner whose name has been given to it,—until which time it was not known that gold existed in any considerable quantities farther south than Carson's Creek. More gold, however, has been exhumed from Wood's Creek than from any other stream of similar size in the State. Its waters take their rise in the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada, above Sonora, and after running twenty miles, receive the waters of Sullivan's and Cortes creeks, which it empties, with its own volume, into the Tuolumne river at Jacksonville. Gold is found the whole length of the creek, affording employment to several thousand miners.

Nature has furnished the artist with a scene in this view, which, for romantic beauty, has few parallels on any of the rivers of the State. It is just such a picture as the imagination would conjure for a fancy sketch, and which, when reduced to embodiment on the canvass, would be entitled to a frame of gilt, and a conspicuous showing on the walls of some richly furnished parlor.

REV. DR. SCOTT'S CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE picture before us is a view of First street, extending east, commencing on the west with the Merchant's Hotel, erected in the summer of 1852, by John C. Fall, its present owner. It is kept by Stevenson & Churchill, and is decidedly one of the best public houses in the State. In the basement of this fine building are several wholesale business firms, all in the full tide of prosperity, as may be said also of the numerous mercantile houses which meet the eye along the entire line of First street. At a point about midway in the picture, E street crosses at right angles. Since the daguerreotype was taken from which the picture is a copy, several important improvements have been made, of a character very greatly to enhance the beauty of the view.

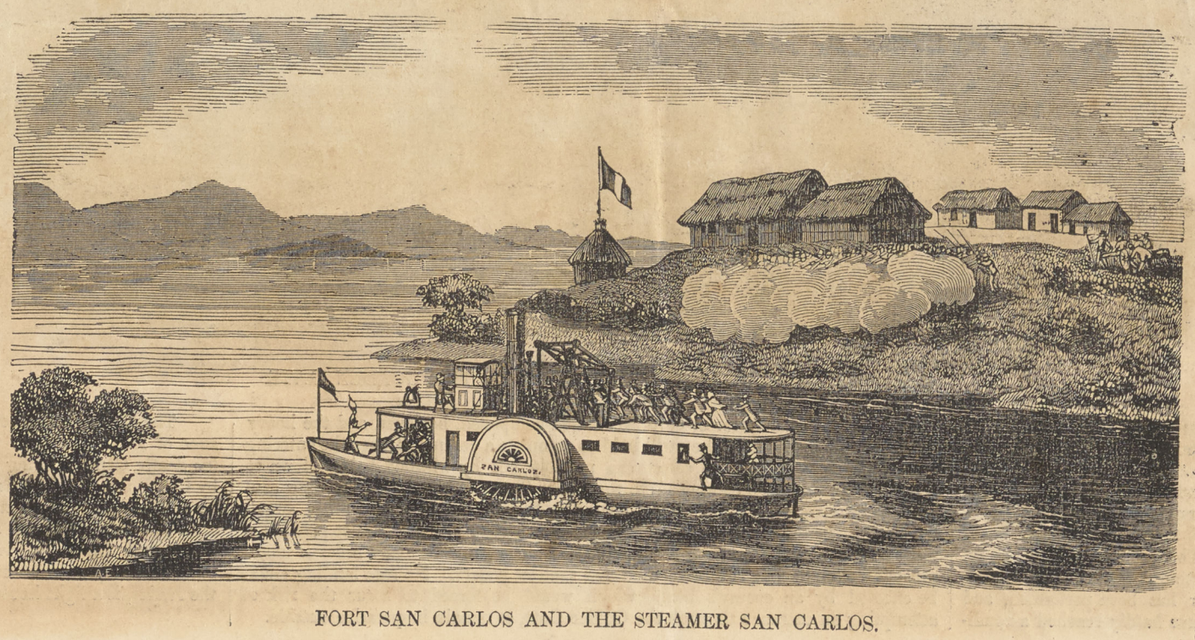
In 1849 the present site of Marysville was an embarcadero, known as "Nye's Ranch," which carried on a small trade, principally with the Digger Indians. The discovery of gold gave an impetus to the growth of the place, which now presents the thriving proportions of a city with seven or eight thousand inhabitants, and third in importance in California.

Marysville was first laid out by Messrs. Sampson, Foster, Rameriz and Covillaud, the survey being made, according to Colville's Directory, by Mr. A. Leploujeanin. Those who aided chiefly by their means and enterprise to give the new commercial mart stability and importance, were S. J. Field, G. H. Beach, Esq., Mr. Parks, J. Crook, Alex. Kerchner, D. C. Brenham, E. Gillespie, Messrs. Colton, Fisk, Nichols and others. Stephen J. Field was elected the first Alcalde. Among the most prominent business houses of the city at this time—many of them on the street represented—are those of Messrs. A. T. Farish; Fall & Co.; Ford & Goodwin; Babb & Eaton; Eaton & Green; S. Sartwell; Cook, Baker & Co.; Packard & Woodruff; Low & Brothers; Charles Lambert; J. H. Adams; Treadwell & Co.; Jewett; Cheeseman; Thornburg; Beach; Harrington & Hazletine.

VIEW OF FIRST STREET, MARYSVILLE.

GROUP OF CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

MOST of our readers are familiar with the history of Col. Walker's recent doings at Nicaragua—his capture of the city of Granada, and the rapidly succeeding events, which placed his army and that of the friendly natives in possession of the Government, which they at present hold in joint peaceable possession. It will be unnecessary, therefore, to recount more of the history of the revolution than is necessary to explain the character of the cut, viz: *Fort San Carlos*, and the steamer *San Carlos*. Fort San Carlos is situated at the junction of the San Juan river and Lake Nicaragua. It had been attacked on the night of the 17th of October, 1855, by a party of troops under command of Parker H. French and Col. B. D. Fry, with the steamer "Virgin of the Lake," without success. The vessel was fired into, and compelled to draw off beyond the reach of the guns of the fort. She then attempted a landing at Punta Mica, but was unsuccessful; and having received some damage, returned to Granada, when Bosques finding himself out of provisions and powder, abandoned the fort, and started for San Juau del Norte, where he arrived on the night of the 21st, and was soon followed by Sr. Don Patricio Rivas and others. The "San Carlos," carrying the California bound New York passengers, having embarked on the 19th of October, was met by Col. Bosques about two miles below the fort, when he went on board, and having received orders from his government not to let any boat pass either up or down, without previous examination, ordered the captain of the steamer to drop his anchor when abreast of the fort, the garrison also signaling him to stop—but owing to some unaccountable delay, this was not done soon enough, and they fired into her, killing one lady, Mrs. White, her child, and severely wounding several, and considerably damaging the boat. After some delays for repairs, Colonel Bosques allowed the steamer to proceed on her way, first exacting from the captain his word of honor to return in three days. The passengers met with no further molestation, and reached the steamship Uncle Sam, at San Juan del Sur, in safety, on the 23d. Considerable excitement grew out of this affair at the time, and there were those who clamored loudly for revenge on the Nicaraguan Government; but when all the facts are taken dispassionately into consideration, it may be set down as one of those unfortunate circumstances which are always liable to occur during the existence of war between nations with whom we have social or commercial intercourse.



FORT SAN CARLOS AND THE STEAMER SAN CARLOS.

VIEW OF PANAMA.

PANAMA.—The reader is herewith presented with a spirited and truthful view of the town of Panama, as seen from the bay of the same name. This city, the capital of New Granada, is in about the eighth parallel of latitude, pleasantly situated, and contains at the present time some ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. The place dates its existence far into the past, for as early as the middle of the seventeenth century it was a town of some commercial importance. In fact the commerce of Panama was very flourishing while the Spanish intercourse with South America was carried on in the galleons. The pearl fishery also is somewhat noted. Of late years, however, the place has declined in population and wealth, and it was not until the outbreak of the California gold fever, that it in anywise regained its former celebrity. Of its history since the days of '49, our readers are doubtless familiar. The place has been the half-way house of the California bound emigrant. Here hundreds have fallen by the way, and slept the sleep that knows no waking. Here multitudes have contracted that dire disease, the "Panama fever," which has sooner or later borne them to their graves; and here, too, many disappointed and penniless adventurers have abandoned their journey to the El Dorado of their hopes, turned their backs on the Pacific, and slowly and sadly wended their way to the homes of their nativity.

The completion of the railroad has of course not only greatly facilitated isthmus transit, but enabled the unacclimated to speedily rid themselves of the pestilential airs of the tropics.

The prominent double towered building in the cut, is the ancient Cathedral, a crumbling and dilapidated looking structure. The roadsted, also seen in the picture, is exposed to violent northerly winds, and the bay is so shallow that ships are obliged to anchor a mile or more below the town, and discharge by flat bottomed boats. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, now however, have steam ferry boats for the convenience of passengers, and the embarkation and disembarkation of their luggage. The bay is dotted with many verdant islands, among which Taboga is particularly conspicuous, from the circumstance of its being the depot where the Pacific Mail Steamship Company lay in their supplies of coal, water, &c. A glance at this picture must awaken reminiscences of a character pleasing or painful in the breasts of many of the present or former residents of California.

VIEW OF CHIPS' FLAT.

CHIPP'S FLAT, is a small mining town situated among the mountains, about six miles from Forrest City, in Sierra county, and on the road leading to Nevada *via* German Bar. It is surrounded by several other mining villages, and has no pretensions to greatness beyond what is derived from the auriferous wealth of its soil.

JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, SAN FRANCISCO.

JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, SAN FRANCISCO.—This building stands on Broadway, between Mason and Powell streets. Its corner stone was laid in July, 1854, by A. C. Labatt, Esq., the oldest officer of any Jewish association on the Pacific shores. The building is named *Emanu El*—"God with us"—and cost $4,500. Its congregation was organised in 1849. Rev. Dr. Julius Eckman is its officiating Rabbi.

FORTIFICATIONS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE GOLDEN GATE, or entrance to San Francisco harbor, is distant in a north-east direction, about eight miles from the central portion of the city. On either side of the Bay, the hills extend out toward the ocean, narrowing the channel to the limits of about a mile or a mile and a quarter in breadth. At this point, in latitude 37 degrees, 48 minutes and 26 seconds, longitude 122 degrees, 28 seconds, 12 minutes, from Greenwich, the United States Government is engaged in the construction of extensive fortifications. The hill has been cut away, so as to allow the foundation of the works to be laid at an elevation of about four feet above high tide. Although a great deal of labor has been performed, and vast sums of money expended on these works, they have hardly reached a condition to inspire either terror or surprise. When completed, however, and the heavy guns have been mounted, they will hold so complete a command over the entering channel of the Bay, that no vessel can possibly get by without being blown to pieces. She would be compelled to run under the very muzzles of belching cannons, some forty or fifty of which could be brought to bear upon her simultaneously. In the whole range of topographical history, there is not perhaps a place so well adapted for defensive operations. The coast for many miles is unapproachable, on account of its exposed and shallow waters. No safe landing could be effected by an enemy's boats, which would be forced to incur the risk of attempting an entrance through the Golden Gate, or remain inoperative outside.

The Light House seen in the engraving, was erected uuder the superintendance of Mr. J. Peabody. Col. Mason was the first architect of the works. After his death, Capt. Whiting succeeded to that position. He, in turn, was relieved by Col. Bonnard, who was again supplanted by Capt. Whiting, who was succeeded by Col. Deluce, the present acting officer in that capacity.

The outer telegraph station is near this point, which was erected by Messrs. Sweeney & Baugh, to give early intelligence of the arrival of shipping from the ocean. The prominent building seen in the cut, it is hardly necessary to inform the reader, is a light house, constructed in a very substantial manner.

VIEW OF FOREST CITY.

In going from Nevada to Downieville, within about twelve miles of the latter place, the traveler makes a detour to the left, and descending a steep mountain, which it will require nearly an hour to traverse, comes suddenly upon the town of Forest City, so completely shut in on every side, that the sun does not shine upon it in the morning until between nine and ten o'clock. It is in the midst of an interminable forest of pine timber, of the largest and finest growth, from which it derives its name, and although of no more than two or three years of age, is one of the most flourishing mining towns in Sierra county. The immense wealth of its auriferous deposits is such as to stagger belief. Gold has been taken out of some of the shafts sunk in its canons, and from the tunnels pierced in its mountains, by the pound and shovel full. Among the best paying tunnels we may refer to that known as "Buckeye," which was opened some three years ago. During the first eighteen months it was worked by its six original owners, and over $180,000 was taken out, besides an immense pile of richly paying earth, which was carted out and thrown into a pile, to await a more abundant supply of water. In this time a great deal of labor was performed which counted for nothing, such as the changing the direction of the drift, in order to effect drainage, and the timbering-up of the arch, to prevent it from falling in. This is about a fair average of the wealth of other claims in the immediate vicinity, which continue to pay as well at the present time as on the first day that they were opened.

Forrest City is populated by an enterprising class of citizens. It has but one main street, very narrow, paved with loose cobble stones, and crowded from morning till night with pack trains and people. The town has its church, and a large and well kept hotel, known as the "Read House." It has also one or two steam saw mills, which turn out a vast amount of lumber, nearly all of which is demanded by the wants of builders in the town and vicinity.

FALLS NEAR MURDERER'S BAR.

DEATH SCENE ON THE PLAINS.

KNIGHT'S FERRY ON THE STANISLAUS RIVER.

Protestant Orphan Asylum, San Francisco—(See first page.)—This building stands on a lot west of Market street, a short distance from Yerba Buena Cemetery, on the high grounds of the city, not yet laid off into streets. The dimensions of the lot are 412 by 618 feet. It was donated to the Association by pre-emptionists, in 1853, and a title subsequently secured by purchase, for $100. The edifice is erected of stone, quarried out near the Asylum grounds. It cost $28,752. With the exception of $7,000, borrowed at a low rate of interest, the funds were raised by voluntary donations. Of this debt, $5,000 have been already cancelled. The Institution is supported mainly by private subscriptions, although the Legislature occasionally makes it an appropriation. At the last session $5,000 was set apart by law for its uses. It is under Protestant influences, and at the present time contains thirty-nine orphan children. The following ladies constitute its officers: President, Mrs. Waller; Vice President, Mrs. Macondray; Treasurer, Mrs. Pardee; Secretary, Mrs. Gillespie; Manageresses, Mesdames Vanderwater, Leffingwell, Haight, Dean, Rankin, Coghill, Merrill, Gerberding, Downer, Dodge.

Catholic Orphan Asylum.—This building stands on Market street, near Kearney, San Francisco. Its foundations were laid in 1853, and the structure cost $27,000. Its dimensions are 70 by 45 feet, and it contains a basement and two spacious stories, with ample play grounds surrounding. Frances McGinnis is the Mother Superior of the Institution, assisted in her duties as teacher, &c., by nine or ten Sisters, who came to the State in 1852. At the present time it contains about ninety orphan children.

THE IDLE AND INDUSTRIOUS MINER—A Tale of California Life.

Two school-boy friends, with buoyant hearts,
And grown to man's estate,
Repaired to California's shores,
To fill their cup of fate:
Endowed with noble gifts of mind,
And vigorous in health,
Their future seemed a harvest-field,
Abundant in its wealth.

Lured by a hope of rapid gain,
The mines at once they sought,
Contented with a cabin home,
In a secluded spot;
Their start in life was equal, and
At first the race was fair,
But soon resembled that between
The TORTOISE AND THE HARE.

Sad, there should be a converse side
To such a pleasing view,
But history demands the pen
To frame its record true.
The early morn had come and gone,
And in the amber sky
The sun had slowly climbed his course
And stood at noonday high.

Nor sun, nor moon, nor thoughts of fame
Disturb the sluggard's rest,
Last night's debauch has left its sting,
And borne away their zest.
This, then, is how the idler friend
Commenced a bad career,
So fatally and madly run
Within his mining year.

Embittered at his low estate—
Unmindful of its cause—
The sluggard mopes away his hours
Indifferent to applause.
His noble friend appeals to him
To stimulate his pride,
By representing wealth to flow
On fortune's courted tide;

He dilates on his own success,
Then offers half his claim
To share his fellow's wretchedness
And rescue him from shame.
Alas! when emulation dies
There's no Promethean coal
To kindle up its wasted fires
And re-illume the soul!

Advice Gratis.
You know Charley I have done all I could for you and aint tired yet. But take of those clothes and buy a real miners dress and see if the change of costume and habits dont make you a happier man.
Petition.
You bet the worst luck of any man in California. All the claim I bought turned out failures. I wrote home for money to start again and would you believe it they refused to send it — say something about their families and that sort of thing.

Men do not always realize
Their cherished dreams of youth,
For often wormwood lies concealed
Within the bud of truth.
While one the glittering prize plucks down,
Another's reach is vain—
Ambition dies within him, and
He never tries again.

'Tis thus our story takes its rise,
To trace the different ends—
The efforts, triumphs and mishaps
Of these respective friends;—
How nobly one achieved the goal
Of fortune and renown,
And how the other's sun of life
In clouds of shame went down.

Requited toil! Eureka! Look!
And read within those eyes
Their speaking luster, as they dwell
Upon the glittering prize!
The vein is struck! ah, noble heart!
A thrill of joy is thine!—
A purer and a better thrill
Than that produced by wine.

A thousand thoughts of home, and bliss
Reserved for coming years
Have swiftly flashed across thy soul
And melted thee to tears—
Tears—not of grief, or vain regrets,
For thou art still a man—
But, thinking of thy poverty
And gazing in the pan!

What other heart could feel a thrill
Of pleasure more sincere
On hearing of his great success
Than that of "mother dear;"
So down the thoughtful miner sits
Elate with joy to write,
His tools about him, and his "stew"
Before him, full in sight.

There's not a hope his breast contains—
An anguish or a fear,
But memory retains to break
Unto that mother's ear;
He told her all and asked her prayers
To keep his heart from guile:
And when he sweetly slept that night
His face revealed a smile.

And now, behold! at early dawn,
Before the mists have fled,
Our zealous hero seeks his claim
Beside a river's bed;
As yet unused to toil, his hands
Are cramped and numbed with pain,
But in his heart an honest pride
Forbids him to complain.

The future is a promised world,
In which his fortune lies,
And industry, alone, he feels,
Can win its golden prize.
Already, in the vale below,
He hears the pick and spade,
And hastes to greet the busy throng,
And join their delving trade.

Turn to the other loitering friend
Yet on a drunken spree—
His tools neglected, and his face
The type of idiocy.
The bottle is his chief delight,
No care disturbs his brain
He smokes, and chews, and yawns, and drinks,
And wakes and drinks again;

Or when he leaves his cabin walls
To dig an hour or so,
Ill luck attends him,—so he thinks,—
Wherever he may go.
Forever armed with some excuse
He deems his cause is good,
Till want assails him at his door
And drives him forth for food.

Oh! woful picture of distress!
The idler takes his pen,
His ragged coat and shaggy beard
Denote him worst of men;
But there is still within his soul
A principle of truth,
Which he has borne unspotted through
His days of well-trained youth.

"*Dear mother!*" this is what he writes,
And saddened by the word,
He feels a gush of tenderness
Within his bosom stirred;
With too much power it racks his mind
And from the bottle's store
He turns the liquor out, and drinks
Till he can write no more.

Morn—Sabbath morning! at his door
  The thoughtful miner sits,
His sister's Bible to peruse
  As such a morn befits;
The birds are sporting near his feet,
  Rich flowers are by his side,
And as he reads his heart resolves
  That God shall be his guide.

He goes not where the noisy throng
  Resort at games to play,
But profits by a goodly work
  On this, a goodly day.
As twilight falls, his evening meal
  In silence he partakes,
And soundly sleeping through the night
  Again at sunrise wakes.

Fly, thou guilty culprit, fly!
  The fatal weapon aimed
Would doom thee to a felon's death,
  For thou art thief proclaimed!
Fly to some cavern, where with wolves
  Thy home may haply be—
Not one amid the mob bestows
  A kindly thought on thee!

A gallows to thy maddened brain
  Appears in frightful view,
And to avoid its frowning form
  Seems more than thou canst do.
This is remorse—alas! too late,
  For months of wasted time;
Before thy better nature changed
  And thou wert steeped in crime!

Inclosed within a prison's walls
  Through all the dreary night
A madman's frantic cries resound
  To curd the blood with fright;
A pack of prowling wolves have caught
  The rattling of his chains,
And pause to mingle with the sound
  Their own unearthly strains!

Not long that noble frame shall writhe;
  Not long that strength be shown;
For death is smiling through the bars,
  And claims them for his own.
E'en while those startled eye-balls glare,
  The heart grows icy cold;
He falls—what else concerns his fate
  Is easy to be told.

"*Dear mother!*" it were well to pause
  And leave the page unfilled
Nor tell how deep in vice the hand
  That traced the line was skilled!
Amid a throng of curious men
  That Sabbath night it tossed
The only coin the idler owned
  Upon a card, which lost,

"Make way!" a dealer sternly cries,
  Who hauls the money down;
"Make way!" the second one repeats,
  And hurls an angry frown.
A dozen hands lent willing aid,
  And backward through the crowd
They drew their humbled victim, whom
  They left subdued and cowed.

Through forest and on road pursued
  The guilty man at last
Escapes unhurt, and lays him down
  To think upon the past;
Oh, God! how sorrowful his groans—
  How bitter flow his tears,
When recollection paints the hues
  Of boyhood's brighter years!

Concealed within a worn-out claim,
  He deems himself secure,
And finds his guilt the only thing
  His thoughts cannot endure.
He gazes on the rattlesnake
  With neither dread nor care;
But yields himself completely up
  A victim to despair.

Around the felon's corpse there stand
  Three men of gentle mien,
By whom such sights as these, perhaps,
  Had many times been seen.
The earliest and fondest friend
  Bends o'er it, filled with grief;
The man of God has named the cross
  And its repentant thief.

To die from home, alas! is sad;
  But oh, far sadder yet,
To feel our crimes are what the world
  Refuses to forget.
Then let a tear of pity fall,
  Nor curse the idler's doom.
He was a miner—may his faults
  Lie buried in his tomb!

"Hands off!" a drunkard grown to be,
  It were a bootless task
To drag the idler from the bar
  While it contains a flask.
His truest friend exhorts in vain—
  In vain the landlord's threat,
He struggles for another glass
  On which his heart is set:

In pity fill a bumper up,
  To quench his burning thirst!
He has no greater joy in life,
  And fate may do its worst.
The moon shone softly down that night
  Where stupefied and pale,
A senseless man deserted lay
  Within a quiet vale!

Long hours past—thrice had the day
  Its course of glory sped,
Yet, on that wretched man, the sun
  No ray of comfort shed.
By hunger driven forth at last,
  He begged a crust of bread,
But found the hearts of those he asked
  To all his pleadings dead.

"My God!" he cried, "and must I starve
  Where Plenty yields her store!"
And seizing on a tray of food
  Rushed wildly for the door.
The landlord struck him with a knife
  Before he could depart;
At which the frenzied culprit turned
  And stabbed him to the heart!

Ah! holy spectacle of love!
  A sister's gentle hand—
A pious mother's fond embrace
  Are what its joys command!
The long lost son is back again
  From California's shore—
The brother's ample purse is filled
  With pounds of shining ore!

He brings them home his winning smile—
  A form robust and strong—
And soul unspotted by the crimes
  Of those he fell among.
He tells his friends, that wish to know
  The cause of his success,
That those who seek the mines must work,
  AND DRINK AND GAMBLE LESS!

"THE groves were God's first temples," says a distinguished poet. Before ever stately dome, majectic column, or expansive architrave gave sanctuary to religious converts, the altars of the Most High were erected amid cooling forests, on the margins of running brooks, or in verdure-clad meadows, where the music of ascending anthems was greeted by the bending heavens, and the devout prayers of the righteous were wafted upon echoing breezes.

In imitation of the primeval people of God, his disciples in later ages have preserved, and at stated periods continue to commemorate the custom.

Camp meetings are more common with the Methodists and Baptists than any other denominations of Christians. In the Atlantic cities and villages for generations past, they have not failed, during the fall season, to repair with their congregations to some favorite country locality, and pitch their tents, with a view to the enjoyment of a refreshing season of grace. In some instances great good has been accomplished by the religious fervor awakened on such occasions, while in others disturbances have arisen, of a character to make the observance one of debate, whether it would not be "more honored in the breach than the observance." It is neither our intention nor our province, however, to take sides on the question. Every good thing is liable to perversion, and Christians, perhaps, more than any other professing class of people, are subject to the malignant shafts of persecution.

The annexed picture is a correct view of a camp meeting held by the Methodists in October last, in a grove on the left bank of the American river, not far from the crossing of Lisle's bridge, belonging to the estate of Thomas Millgate. Notwithstanding the roads were oppressively dusty, and the weather very hot, a large number of persons attended, who protracted the meeting for a period of four or five days, and conducted it in a most peaceable and praiseworthy manner. The conduct of the meeting was under the immediate control of Rev. G. E. S. Phillips, of Sacramento, assisted by Rev. Mr. Thomas, and Rev. S. D. Simonds, of San Francisco, and other clergymen.

A CAMP MEETING IN CALIFORNIA.

THE beautiful structure represented in the annexed plate, is located on the north side of J, between Second and Third streets, Sacramento, and is generally known as "Latham's Building," because it is owned by the Hon. Milton S. Latham, formerly a resident of this city. It was built under the superintending control of Mr. A. A. Bennett, with Mr. George Bordwell, of San Francisco, as contractor, has a frontage of 40 feet, by 80 in depth, is three stories high, with a mastic front in imitation of marble, and is elegantly finished on the exterior after the fashion of modern designs of architecture. There are two spacious business rooms on the first floor, one of which is occupied by the Pacific Express Company, and the other by R. A. Eddy, as a blank book and stationer's store. The ceilings of these rooms are fifteen feet in the clear. Those of the two upper stories are thirteen feet each. The second story front rooms are occupied by the State and Alta California Telegraph Companies, and the rear rooms by lawyer's offices. The rooms of the third story are devoted to the uses of the Sacramento Club, and furnished in a very superior manner.

Great architectural taste has been displayed in the construction of this edifice, and in all its appointments the building compares favorably with any ever erected in this city. It is a conspicuous object to the stranger visitor as he passes down our main thoroughfare, and justly deserves, on account of the elegance of its exterior, to rank alongside of the other beautiful structures in its vicinity.

On the same block and just below, stands the Forrest Theater, of which a view and description are given elsewhere in this paper. The intermediate space, now occupied by low buildings, will probably soon give place to more pretending edifices, or those at present occupying it be raised to a height corresponding with that of the structure herewith described.

There is no city in this State that can exhibit so many evidences of improvement in the way of building during the past year, as Sacramento. Not only stores, churches, hotels, and other public edifices testify to the truth of this assertion, but private dwellings likewise. On the outskirts of the city may be seen mansions which will vie in beauty and costliness with any to be found in the State, and which will compare favorably with those in the Atlantic cities.

The entire cost of Latham's Building is estimated at $21,000.

LATHAM'S BUILDING.

WOMEN OF FASHION.—A sarcastic lady writer gives the following direction for married women who wish to become ladies of fashion: "Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you do—smile on all mankind but your husband—be happy everywhere except your home—hate the country and adore the city—read novels and neglect the children—nurse lapdogs, and go to church every time you get a new bonnet."

on the south fork, shortly subsequent. The express companies of Wood & Co., and Langton & Co., were established during the same year. Several stores were soon in active operation—among them Impey & Co., Wood & Co., Hawes & Co., the store of "Cheap John, the Packer," &c. The first fine building was erected by Mr. Craycroft. On the 22d of February of 1852, the town was destroyed by fire, occasioning a loss in property of about $400,000. With the usual energy of Californians, the citizens at once set themselves to work, and built it up again on a grander scale than ever. Craycroft's new saloon, three stories high, has a front of 120 feet, by 80 in depth, and contains one of the most spacious rooms in the State. The "Empire" is also 120 by 40 feet, two stories high. Langton & Co.'s express building is a fire proof edifice constructed of stone, at a very great expense. Mr. Weir has also constructed a substantial fire proof building.

Downieville is distant 70 miles from Marysville, and between 38 and 40 from Nevada. It contains several public edifices, including a church and halls for the different secret orders. The Buttes are on the south fork of the Yuba, 12 miles distant, with an altitude of 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. The Fur Cap mountain, whose extreme base extends down to the Yuba canon, has an altitude of 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. Galway Hill, in the vicinity, is 12,000 feet high. Many rich quartz veins have been discovered in the region of country surrounding, some few of which are worked with success; but by far the most extensive mining operations are carried on in the placer and tunnel diggings. Major Downie, a man of great excellence of heart, and one of the most successful prospectors of gold in the State, still resides a short distance above the town which bears his name, respected by every person who knows him. Although he has exhumed thousands of dollars from the soil by his own industry, his unbounded generosity to others, has kept him continually a poor man; and the traveler who should visit his mining claim at the present day, would find him hard at work, and ready as ever to share the hospitalities of his cabin near by.

STREET VIEW IN DOWNIEVILLE.

VULCANISED INDIA RUBBER.—When India rubber is mixed and kneaded with a portion of sulphur, and passes through heated rollers to thoroughly incorporate the sulpher, it is then called "vulcanised." If the vulcanised rubber be exposed for a few hours in a vessel to the action of high-pressure steam—say of 300 degrees heat—it acquires new properties. From being soft it becomes hard, though very difficult to break. In this state its texture very much resembles tortoise shell, and can be beautifully polished.

GUTTA PERCHA VARNISH.—A varnish of a very adhesive quality, and completely resistant to moisture, may be prepared with rectified or raw rosin oil and gutta percha. Three parts by weight of gutta percha of commerce are put into a vessel containing nine parts of raw oil of rosin, obtained by the destructive distillation of ordinary rosin; and this mixture is submitted to a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, stirring it from time to time, until all the gutta percha is dissolved.

VALUE OF THE CHINESE PEA. The Chinese Pea has been sown and come to perfection not only in France, but in Germany, Sweden, Holland and Italy. It is of an oleaginous nature, and yields twenty-five per cent. of oil superior in quality to rape or colza. The cake serves to fatten cattle; and in China and Japan, this pea, reduced to flour, and made into a kind of cheese, is eaten by millions of the poorer population.

DISTILED WATER FOR THE ALLIED ARMIES.—The steam vessel Wye has been sent from London to the Crimea, for the purpose of supplying the armies with pure water. A final trial was recently made, the result of which proved that nearly forty thousand gallons of fresh and palatable water can be obtained daily, and of the same temperature as the source from which it is taken.

WHITE ROCK SPRINGS.

The property known as the White Rock Springs Farm, and a view of which can be seen on the second page of this paper, was located in the Spring of 1850, by D. H. C. Chapman and Thomas Primrose. The place is just at the base of the foot range of hills, and about twenty-five miles above this city, on the Placerville road. The present improvements were effected when building materials were at the highest price, and cost no less than $25,000. The Proprietor, however, has been amply rewarded for his industry and perseverance, for he has sold over seven thousand dollars worth of produce in one year off the farm. This cut will be readily recognized by the early immigrant, as his last camping place on his overland journey, prior to arriving in this city.

BOOKS.—A writer says of books: "They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you."

STREET VIEW IN DOWNIEVILLE.

THE town of Downieville, in Sierra county, takes its name from Major William Downie, who discovered and located it in the month of September, 1849. The party accompanying him at the time, consisted of thirteen men—white and black—whose exploits have been commemorated in verse by Major Downie, after the following style:

"Jack and Charley, Bill and Bob,
Were all good boys together;
We built a house to winter in,
At the forks of Yuba river."

Downieville lies in a narrow valley—or rather a ravine—at the junction of the north and south forks of the Yuba, and is surrounded by mountains of such immense vertical height, that the head has to be thrown considerably back to gaze at their towering peaks. About three-fourths of a mile above the town, is the confluence of the east Yuba with the north fork; and a half mile still further up the north fork is the mouth of the middle fork of the north fork. These separate streams take their rise close together, from the bases of the main chain of the Sierra Nevadas. In the vicinity, noted for their richness as mining localities, are Durgan, Jersey, Zumalt, Bryfogle, New York, Logan, Steamboat Bar, Wisconsin and Natchez.—The actual population of Downieville is about 800, but including the suburbs, it exceeds 2,000. Durgan's saw mill, just below the junction of the north and south forks of the Yuba, was built in the summer of 1850; Craycroft's, a short distance above the town,

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